

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1919

Reedy's
MIRROR

IN THIS ISSUE

The President Killed the League

McAdoo's Coal-Strike Sockdolager

Mr. Loree Wants To Control
the Press

Americanization by Terrorization

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New Books Received

TALES FROM THE SECRET KINGDOM by Ethel M. Gate. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, \$2.

New fairy tales, written for the present time and country, in simple and charming language which will appeal to the child yet not bore his elders. Illustrated with silhouettes by Catherine Buffum.

AMERICAN PAINTERS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY by Frederick Fairchild Sherman. Privately printed by the author at 1790 Broadway, New York.

As the title implies, essays in appreciative criticism of the work of various American artists. There are chapters on the miniature landscapes of J. Francis Murphy; a landscape by Dwight W. Tryon; four figure pictures by George Fuller; early oil paintings by Winslow Homer; figure pictures by Wyatt Eaton; the work of Arthur B. Davies; early genre pictures by Harry W. Watrous; and that pioneer of American art, Benjamin West. The English is as great a delight and as artistic in its way as the subjects which inspire it, and the numerous illustrations are in keeping. An excellent book.

INCLUDING HORACE by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, \$1.60.

The author of "— and Other Poets" comes out with a new book of parodies. He begins with the "Integer Vitae" of Horace, which he renders in the manner of some twenty comparatively modern poets, including

Browning, Shakespeare, Wilde, Synge, Amy Lowell, Coleridge, Robert Frost, Irving Berlin, and F. P. A. The remainder of the book is taken up with paraphrases of other odes, light-hearted, pointed, delightful.

PIONEERS OF AMERICA by Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.

These are stories of pioneer days in America making familiar to the children of today the life and times of the backwoodsmen, hunters, fur traders, and settlers who opened up this continent. Among the striking figures treated are LaSalle, Boone, Pontiac, Lewis and Clarke, Polly Hopkins and Elizabeth Zane. Illustrated with full page drawings.

CZECHOSLOVAK FAIRY TALES by Parker Fillmore. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, \$2.

Fairy tales of kings and queens and princesses and good and evil fairies gleaned from Czech, Slovak and Moravian sources, retold in a manner to please American children. Illustrated with frontispiece in color and full page drawings.

HEALTH THROUGH WILL POWER by James Walsh, M. D. Boston Little-Brown & Co., \$1.50.

A common sense book for the layman. Its key is the importance of the will, being in fact the supreme faculty of life. The author is medical director of Fordham university school of sociology, and professor of physiological psychology at Cathedral college. He doesn't believe in coddling. Coughs and colds, intestinal disorders, rheumatism, mental disturbances, etc., can best be prevented and cured by fresh air, right living, and the will to be well. Self-pity, such as the sort that resorts to the "hacking cough" for sympathy, he especially condemns. There is much of good in this book, particularly for the neurotic invalid.

THE BLACK DROP by Alice Brown. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$2.

The keynote to Miss Brown's latest novel is the black drop in the blood of one member of a family, whose other members are all cultivated, kindly and loyal. This exception is unprincipled, venal. His nefarious scheming and its complications piles up dramatic incident on dramatic incident until the ultimate powerful climax. Readers of "The Prisoner" are familiar with Miss Brown's ability in this respect.

THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL by Honoré Willsie. New York: F. A. Stokes, \$1.60.

This new novel by the author of "Still Jim," who incidentally is managing editor of the *Delinquent*, is set in the "Still Jim" country. The plot turns on the efforts of two young westerners to establish a desert experiment station to test the possibilities of solar heat and the schemes of enemies to appropriate the important results of their experiments. Frontispiece in color.

THE BOX WITH BROKEN SEALS by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.75.

In this novel Mr. Oppenheim returns to his favorite field, international intrigue, and explains "exactly how the important documents which were not found in the box with the broken seals belonging to Ambassador von Bernstorff when he sailed from America were conveyed to Europe." Frontispiece.

BLIND TRAILS by Clayton H. Ernst. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.50.

The training, knowledge and spirit gained in Boy Scout work are the levers of action in this story for boys. A youth finds himself suddenly orphaned, with the responsibility of his family, with no knowledge of the conduct of his father's business and with the important records of that business destroyed by fire. He endeavors to wind up the estate when two mysterious offers arouse his interest and suspicions and he resolves upon investigation. With his dog he seeks his father's old guide in the North woods and it is there his scout training carries him through dangerous adventures. Illustrated.



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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Mr. Wilson Did It

By William Marion Reedy

SINCE the Senate beat the proposal to ratify the peace treaty and the League of Nations the United States and the world has been strangely calm. It is rather disappointing to us that our action has not thrown the world into a panic. The heart of the world is not breaking—not so as you can notice it. Europe accepts with becoming resignation our determination to "go it alone." As for ourselves, most of us are wondering "where we are at." It seems that we are "out of it." Technically we are still at war with Germany. We have nothing to say about German reparations or about the regulation of German trade and industry to the end that Germany shall make reparation. The other powers are under no obligation to look out after our commercial interests in revived Germany. In so far as our late associates may proceed to the making over of the world we shall have no part in that work. If they want to do anything to establish and perpetuate peace, let them go ahead and do it—we wash our hands of it. We won't interfere if they want to crush Germany utterly. And after all our professions of concern for oppressed peoples we back out of the proposed League of Nations and leave the little peoples where they are—at the mercy of their oppressors. How have we helped Ireland or Egypt or India or Persia or China by staying out of the League? We have helped them not at all. What has our action done towards arbitration and disarmament? Nothing: we won't go into a general arbitration scheme, and we won't disarm. Our attitude is for the time being that the rest of the world can go to hell, for all we care; we are safe because at a show-down "we can lick all creation." To the suggestion that we join the League and accept mandates we reply in the words of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Paul of Tarsus was a pipe-dreamer when he said "We are all members of one another." What do we care? We have the gold and the food and the minerals and the flax and the wool—the world must come to us. The only thing we are doing for the late associate powers is something we shouldn't do—making war by starvation, blockade and other methods against Russia, and persisting in this even while Lloyd George and Sir Robert Cecil and Bonar Law and Great Britain as a whole are getting ready to leave Russia alone to work out her own destiny. If the settlement of the war, so far as it is settled, contains the germs of future wars, let them sprout; far be it from us to do anything to stop them. Let the wild world wag as it will, our withers are unwrung. We were willing to spend ourselves without stint for war, but we won't sacrifice the smallest particle of our dignity for the preservation of the world's peace. That is our attitude of cynicism and distrust of human nature at present.

Who's to blame? Mr. Wilson, I think. He would have his peace and his League or none.

He could bend and wobble and break to please Clemenceau and Lloyd George and Orlando, but he would make no concession to his own countrymen. He took no one into his confidence about his going to Paris or after he got there. He chose as his associates on that mission men who had never been elected to so much as a position of constable by their own people. He ignored not alone the opposition party that had loyally supported him in the war, but his own party as well. He exalted himself by contrasting himself with associated nonentities. Returning he met suggestions with contempt and criticism with epithetical frenzies. All this after going back on all the weaker peoples for whom he spoke so bravely if thrasonically at the beginning. His Ego threatened to absorb the Cosmos. The Wilsonian irreconcilability defeated the treaty and the League, for he would not tolerate any qualification of it that would make it a people's rather than a Wilson league. He would not leave anything to Congress in relation to the League; not even the approval of his appointees to represent this country in the assembly or the council. He dictated the defeat of every reservation that tended to keep this country's position in the League under the control of the people or their representatives. The apostle of world democracy acted like a tyrant—so much so that he forced friends of a League of Nations to vote against the demand that they accept only a League bearing his brand. It was Wilson's weakness, shrilly simulating strength, that destroyed his great project. He worked himself into such a rage that he became in his own country the outstanding antagonist of that democracy he lyricized about from the Seine to the Thames and thence to the Tiber. He abandoned the Russians, the Irish, the Egyptians, the Hindus to their taskmasters and so far as he could, contributed to the end of making France such a master of the European continent as Germany designed to make herself. And he wanted his countrymen to give him a draft in blank upon all its prestige and power in support of every possible purpose of the men who had found him the ready tool of all their ambitions in the Paris conference. The peace treaty he brought home was a Wilson treaty, not a treaty adjusted to the requirements of our national constitution. It was deservedly beaten when he refused to listen to any proposal that would make the nation sovereign in the League, instead of himself. Wilson failed his country and failed his own facile idealism by refusing to concede anything to an Americanism that opposed his own predestinarian absolutism. So I think will History write him down. In so far as the Senate opposition to Wilson was wrong, and it was not wholly right, Wilson was more wrong and worse wrong in his egoistic obstinacy.

At the reassembling of the congress the treaty and the League may come up again.

The nation wants a treaty and a League but it wants no league that is all Wilson, with no democratic, representative or popular participation in the League. There will be no league or treaty if the White House ultimatum stands—"My treaty and League or nothing." The treaty must be democratized—and that, in the main, was all the reservationists sought. As for Senator Lodge he did not so much seek to humiliate Wilson as to curb the power of the presidency, for it is well to reflect that it is probable the President who will represent the United States in the actual functioning of the League will be neither Mr. Wilson nor any other Democrat. The senatorial reservationists were conciliatory in that they confined themselves to reservations. They conceded the principle of the League. Mr. Wilson conceded nothing. Like another Louis he

said "The state—it is I." From that position he must recede if he does not wish his country to stand out from international fraternization, like an Ishmael opposed to any reasoned order in world affairs.

There is a national and an international demand for the League and for peace, but so far as concerns this country, the supply of Wilsonism in the League, as Wilson will have it or not at all, is far in excess of the demand. It is because of the Wilsonian madness to rule that the friends of a League of Nations for peace were forced to work the will of a few men who were opposed to any concerted effort to prevent war. Mr. Wilson must come down from his high horse to his own countrymen even as he knuckled under to the statesmen of Allied Europe at Paris—he must come down and back to democracy.

Americanization by Force

By William Marion Reedy

IS IT not about time to call a halt on the general baiting of foreigners in this country? It is a madness no less. As part of what is called a campaign for Americanization it is an outrageous absurdity. We cannot make American out of aliens by raiding and clubbing and drubbing and persecuting them generally. That is not the way to make them love us and our institutions. It is more in the old bad imperial German style, after the Zavern fashion let us say. We are all in danger of taking up the cry for deportation of foreigners and the most drastic restriction of immigration. It has the sanction of a certain not very commendable form of patriotism. It is setting too many people off on a crusade against the alien to the tune of a song of hate. It's like the line in the old song about the Filipinos, "Civilize 'em with a Krag." That isn't the way to civilize anybody or to Americanize anybody.

There are some foreigners who may be plotting revolution but all of them are not. Most of them are fairly decent folk, strange to our language and customs and chiefly brought in touch first with some of the very worst things that flourish in American life. We have let them herd in slums to be exploited by grafters and corrupted by petty politicians. They have lived under conditions not calculated to impress them with the blessings of liberty. They have been overworked and underpaid and they have been made to pay for the semblance of justice, which has led some of them to pay for petty privileges in crime.

Just now these foreigners are blamed for fomenting strikes. Well, what of that? To strike is not a crime—Judge Anderson of Indianapolis to the contrary notwithstanding. The accusation of strike-breeding against the immigrant comes from the men who brought him here in the not distant past to break strikes. The most radical of all American laborers are not foreigners. The I. W. W. is said to be composed principally of men of American birth. There are some foreigners, Russian and others, who have brought over here theories of revolt against the oppression they knew at home; but bear this in mind: they came here with faith in and hope of conditions better than they had at home, only to find that they are confronted with conditions much the same. The sweated work-

er in any of our big cities is not given an environment calculated to make him shed his theories of violent social regeneration. He may be somewhat better off in fact but not enough to satisfy the ideals with which he came. It is an indictment of us rather than of the Russians, that so many men who had lived and worked here, went back to Russia on the outbreak of the revolution and told their people that this government differed chiefly in name and not in effect from the government they had overthrown. If Russians had not told Russia about some of the conditions in the United States it is possible that Russia would not have made her separate peace with Germany.

The foreigner comes here to industrial conditions much like those he fled. In these industrial conditions he has no constructive part and no voice but the strange voice of protest. He doesn't invent or discover the protest. He simply joins in with the protest and discontent of his American fellow workers. Even the peaceful Chinaman goes on strike on the Western railroads when the American workers quit the job. The foreigner of today is not much more hated than were the Irish in the days of the Know-Nothing craze or the Germans about Civil War time, when nobody had any use for the "God damned Dutch." The immigrant of to-day is a human being. He is as susceptible of adaptation to American inventions and ideals as the Irish and the Germans, but he hasn't as good a chance as they had. The game of life is harder. Opportunity is more restricted. The immigrant of to-day is herded more to himself. His coming seems to threaten more men's jobs and he is consequently more distrusted and hated. He is brought into relations with the government only in ways that are distressful, when he is arrested or through the petty bosses that have favors to sell. He gets such justice as he does get only by making terms with the ward or the precinct committeeman and usually some "smart" fellow of his own race shakes him down for something for that. He has nothing but the strike as a remedy against abuses by the people who employ him. He may become a direct actionist in sheer desperation, though in fact there are not many such. Out of 13,000,000 foreign-born in this country the Department of Justice could find but 6000 suspects to hold for

examination. As for the foreign-born in relation to the war, let the foreign names in the roster of the dead and wounded answer the charge of their disloyalty, and the decorations and honorable mentions, too.

Now it seems that every foreigner is suspect and the anti-alien craze goes to the extreme of forcing an artist like Kreisler to abandon his concerts, or compelling the abandonment of opera in German in New York. There may be some excuse for such dislike of Germans, though not a good one, but there is none for the demand for deportation of aliens who have not learned English in five years or may be suspected of radical opinions. Mr. Allen T. Burns, long identified with the Americanization work of the Carnegie Foundation, says that the thing to do with the foreigner is to take him into American life, to give him a share in it, rather than to shut him out. We might take him out of the slums in which he has to live. We should look him up and fraternize with him instead of forcing him to flock by himself. It is folly to clamor for wholesale deportation when by all accounts there is a huge shortage of supply of workers in this country, when what we need is chiefly more production. We should make better conditions to increase the production. We hold the alien down, we cut off his wine and beer and other drinks, we club him from his meetings at which he listens to speeches in his own tongue, we suppress his papers and raid his lodges "on suspicion," and then expect the immigrant to love America. It reminds one of the villain in the old shocker play. He had tried to have the heroine abducted, then run over by a train while she was tied to the track, then drowned by capsizing a skiff, later tied to a big log and sawn in two by a circular saw, from all of which she was rescued by the hero, and then, in the third act, he approaches the lady suavely in her parlor and remarks, "Clarice, why are you so strangely distrustful of me?" The foreigner's strange distrustfulness of Americanism is no more to be wondered at.

Mr. Charles Downer Hazen, all of whose history books I have enjoyed immensely, and not least the latest, "Fifty Years of Europe," a most admirable, lively, accurate and broad-sweeping summary of the subject (Holt, New York) is strong against Americanization *vi et armis*. He tells how Germany tried and failed to Germanize the Alsations, the Poles, the Schleswigers by forceful methods, and how the Magyars tried to Magyarize the Bohemians and the Slovaks and other minor nationalities, and only intensified their enmity. There is no assimilation by compulsion. The alien can be assimilated only by making him feel that he is a man on an equal footing with other men under just and equal laws. We can do it by making the country what he thought it would be when he came here and what we are loudly saying it is, when we know in our hearts in many respects it is not. We must not let the immigrant get on our nerves through either fear or hatred. We must not conjure up a terror of him and then try to rid ourselves of it by inaugurating a Terror against him.

For the occasional bomb throwing anarchist there is plenty of law. For mere opinion there should be no punishment. A desire to change the government by agitation is not a crime. This government is not the finality of human wisdom. It is founded essentially on the principle that it may be changed by the people according to their need. We may well act strongly against all agenda of assas-

sination and rapine but we cannot persecute for ideas as such. Our democracy cannot go back on the idea that the Lord made all men brothers of one blood, and remain a democracy. While some "democrats" want all the aliens banished other "democrats" want to import coolies from China to plant among us a new helotry that will destroy us. Give the foreigner in fact as in theory a chance to be an American. Don't deal with him as a pariah and make him hate us with a poisonous hatred. He needs us and we need him. Let us try to understand him and we can then make him understand us, and we shall get along very well together.

Finally, how about first Americanizing ourselves? "Thou little knowest what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent." What about teaching immigrants by example? Only too many foreigners come here hoping and failing to find that Americanism from which we have fallen away into a plutocracy mitigated by mob hysteria and with such concomitants of autocracy as espionage acts, suppression of speech and press, government encouragement of profiteering by taxation upon business, government coddling of privilege and generation of caste by the same method, and government by injunction against imputation rather than conviction of lawlessness. First we need, I should say, a re-Americanization movement against, upon and among ourselves.



Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Coal Strike and Strike Remedies

THE miners have proved more reasonable than the operators in the negotiation for a compromise of the coal strike. The workers accept considerably less than their demands but the operators cannot concede the lower increase, they say, without boosting the price of coal to consumers to such an extent as to anger the public that can pay and freeze the public that cannot. Fuel Director Garfield is not going to consider an increase based on war-time prices because those were permitted in order to stimulate production for war uses, and the people won't stand war-prices in peace. The coal price basis will have to be brought back to the average total increase in pay over 1913. Dr. Garfield says, "The average total increase in pay over the 1913 base, which was the base considered in 1917, should not exceed the present increase in the cost since 1914." President Lewis of the mine workers says, "I don't know what it all means," and there are others in like ignorance. Meanwhile coal famine creeps upon industry. The operators lock out in the cold both miners and public.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads McAdoo has both sub-marined and air-bombed the operators with a letter to the Fuel Director in which, speaking of what the income tax returns showed in 1917, when operators' profits ran from 15 to 2000 per cent, he says the wage increases proposed for the miners by Secretary of Labor Wilson are as "just and reasonable" as the soft coal mine owners' profits were "shocking and indefensible." If profits were in 1918 and thus far in 1919 anything like those in 1917 "it would be a grave wrong to permit the operators to take from the public additional profits in the form of increased prices for bituminous coal. Moreover, if profits were even measurably as great in 1918 as in 1917, the operators can well afford to pay the in-

creased wages to the miners and still have perhaps a larger return upon the capital employed in the mines than they are justly entitled to. In behalf of the public, already overburdened with the high cost of living, I earnestly urge that the bituminous coal operators be not permitted to impose an additional charge for coal on the public until a careful examination has been made of their income tax returns for the years 1917 and 1918." Mr. McAdoo says there should be no coal price raise permitted until the income tax returns for 1918 and 1919 be examined, and then it must be remembered the operators are prone to understate rather than overstate their earnings. "The wage increases should be promptly conceded and the operators should accept them and submit to the investigation and publication of their income tax returns," subject to the Fuel Director's final determination of what the just price of bituminous coal shall be.

The man in the street and elsewhere will say that Mr. McAdoo has rung center. The operators can't get away from his proposition. But how they will howl about such use of the confidential income tax returns. It would seem there's nothing left to be said on the operators' side. The miners have the best of the situation, and the "poor old public" has a chance to escape the burden of both miners' pay and operators' profits. Mr. McAdoo has done handsomely a bold big thing.

But though this strike be settled the wage question will remain. There will be other strikes with no uniform provision for their settlement. There are railroad and other workers demanding wage increases. There should be some system for dealing with strikes in basic industries. In this paper has been detailed the proposal for a court of industry to hear such disputes and decide them, with the right of the parties in dispute to appeal to a referendum. The main objection to this is that there might be too much referendum with all the turmoil incidental to elections, though probably the disputants would avoid rather than seek the referendum.

We might take a leaf out of Great Britain's book and deal with mining and railroads as the government over there will deal with transportation. It is a short time since the British government was at grips with the railroad workers in a great strike. Now the roads are to be under the control of the ministry of transport. The government now proposes that the transport minister shall exercise control through an executive committee and on this committee there will be three railway men, two representing the National Union and one representing the Society of Locomotive Drivers and Firemen. These three railway men, of whom J. H. Thomas, M. P., probably will be one, will have advisory, executive and administrative powers equal to those of general managers, who will form the rest of the committee. The government proposes setting up a joint labor board of five general managers and five railway men to deal with hours and wages. The local boards similarly constituted are to handle the local problems. In the event of failure by the central board to settle any question, it is to be referred to a tribunal composed of four representatives of the railway men, four of the managers and four from the general public, with an independent chairman. It is understood that the railway men will pledge themselves not to resort to strike as long as a dispute is under adjudication. This is an approach to democratized industry and it looks somewhat in the general direc-

tion of our proposed Plumb plan. Great Britain does not think it revolutionary. Even the London Times speaks of it approvingly. Why cannot this country deal with the mining industry in this fashion? It would tend to relieve the public of dread of a coal famine every winter. Why could we not co-ordinate the railroad and the mining industries and deal in this British fashion with both? If it's Bolshevism we are afraid of, here seems to be a way of getting around it. It is only ten years since the British railway men won the right of collective bargaining and now they are coming up into participation in management. "Slow" British democracy moves faster than our democracy.



Miss Madeleine

SOME friend of yours is going to come to you one of these days shortly saying: "Have you read 'Madeleine'?" If not, get it quick. The Harpers published it and now they have withdrawn it from sale, and it is fetching \$10 a copy in New York and Chicago and commanding a premium over the list price of \$2 everywhere. It's warm stuff. And you'll skirmish around the book stores and find that the fact is as stated.

Now "Madeleine: an Autobiography" was published, I doubt not, with the best intent in the world—as a moral warning. It carries an introduction by the celebrated Ben Lindsey, judge of the juvenile court of Denver. He vouches for the truth of the narrative. It is a genuine biography, he says. The author is a woman of the town who has gone all the gaits in that most ancient of professions, from "boarder" to "landlady," been converted and absorbed into decent society. Ben Lindsay is a man of intense sympathy for the under dog or dog-ess and he thinks this autobiography makes a strong case against society. He thinks too that the tale is such as to remove all glamour from the fast life, and show it for what it is—a life of shame.

I don't see it that way. *Madeleine* is seduced in Kansas, goes to St. Louis, is taken up and provided for in a pretty apartment by a man who finds her hungry on the street. She goes with him to Kansas City where she finds herself infected with a sexual disease, goes to a hospital, meets a girl of the joyous life and is through her inducted into the career of an inmate of a house of ill fame. Thence she goes to Chicago where her life is more of the same and worse. About this life she writes with startling frankness of realism but with more literary sophistication than is convincing, even granting that as a child at home she loved books. Her downfall was due, she says, to her father's drinking and neglect of his family. From Chicago she goes to Winnipeg and thence to smaller towns in Canada where she was financially successful until she took to drinking and gambling. It is then she meets with a priest who sets her in the right way of life and she abandons her business and becomes decent.

The book is not to be classed, as it has been, with John Cleland's notorious masterpiece "Fanny Hill," either for truth or art. It has not the power of David Graham Phillips' "Susan Lennox." As an autobiography it lacks veridicity. *Madeleine* may have told her story to some one who wrote it down and fixed it up. It is that fixing up which destroys its value as a transcript of life. The book is written more from the outside than from the inside of "the life," though even at that

it is vivid and vigorous in spots and comes appallingly near to mentioning the unmentionable. There are some lines about her experiences in Chicago that are very near the line at which the Comstockians stand guard forever. This sort of thing attracts the prurient minded. It has nothing at all about it to warn the innocent and unwary.

Madeleine tells us frequently how shamed and grieved she is by her experiences, but not in a way to make you believe her. Speaking as a worldly one can only say that *Madeleine* has a pretty good time of it. In the main things come easy and break well for her. She meets three or four pretty decent square men—as men go who are to be met by women so situated. She has one faithful fellow whom she treats just about as badly as *Manon Lescaut* treated her devoted chevalier, tossing him aside or preying upon his affection as suits her convenience. When she's in a tight place her *Paul* always comes to her call or welcomes her when she comes to him needing consolation or money. *Madeleine* doesn't make the reader think very well of *Paul*.

One cannot see from *Madeleine's* book that she is a success as a horrible example. She has better luck than lots of girls who have never had the misfortune to go wrong. She implies to us that she gets into society and is in a position to change the attitude of society towards the fallen woman. She may do this, but in a way the reverse of that which she would have us understand as her purpose. From the first *Madeleine* fails to convince us that she found her way into the life by unescapable social destiny. She had a friend who would have seen her through with her baby, and on the three or four occasions when she starts to abandon the career she changes her mind without apparently adequate reason. For one thing she is to be thanked however and that is her reiteration that there is no such thing as the "white slave" that we hear so much about from various sentimental reformers. That everybody knows, except the framer and the foolish supporters of the Mann act. *Madeleine* has landed heavily on that egregious fake. But there's nothing in her book to make us believe *Madeleine* when she says that she's sorry for herself. It is impossible for anyone else to be sorry for her either. She wins back too "dead easy." She knows nothing of contrition and very little of attrition. And in spite of Judge Lindsey's introduction, I can't see the book as of any value in solving the problem which is incarnated in *Madeleine*. That problem is not even effectively stated. Prostitution is a product of poverty we all know, but this book doesn't bring that home to us as it should. There was no need that a girl who can sling ink and wield words as *Madeleine* does, should go on the town to make a living. She was "out for the money" and she went after it in "the easiest way," and got it. She doesn't appear to have any more heart than could be made out of such brains as she possesses. A frosty trick she might well be called. One doesn't believe even in her grief for her dead baby. Altogether it's my belief that Judge Lindsey in vouching for the book was taken in by its cheap sentimentality playing over its well-calculated salacity. "*Madeleine*" is the kind of book that will be a huge success with the kind of people who will pay \$10 for a book if it happens to have been suppressed for its naughtiness or nastiness.

Would Ye Listen to Loree?

MR. L. F. LOREE, an eminent railroad man, has a brilliant idea or had until he generously shared it with his fellow citizens in a speech delivered in New York City the other evening. It is an idea for the cure of popular discontent. He thinks that people who advertise in the newspapers and periodicals should read them carefully and discover what they are promulgating. If the advertiser finds a publication standing for something that implies a doubt that we are living now in the best of all possible worlds and suggests any change in the condition of affairs, the advertiser is sternly to withhold his advertising. There are too many publications that are finding fault with things. They could not live without advertising. Therefore let the advertisers kill them by giving them the absent treatment, by keeping out of their columns. Then everything would be lovely for the people to whom God in his wisdom entrusted the mines, railroads, packing houses, forests, and things generally. It is a fine idea, and so beautifully simple. Mr. Loree should take out a patent upon it. It would make the advertiser the editor of every paper in the land. He would say to every paper, "No advertising for you if you don't take my side on every matter at issue. The editorials have to square with my policies or you'll get none of my business." The editorials would soon consist of nothing but boosts for the things the Lorees want and nobody but the Lorees would have a look-in on the papers. The radicals couldn't get a word in edgewise. What's wrong with the idea? Why should people spend money with newspapers that are attacking the things in which they believe or supporting things in which the spenders don't believe? The only thing wrong with the idea is that it's no good. The Lorees won't advertise now in the papers whose policies they can dictate. The worst paper in every city is just that paper with which the Lorees of its community have the most influence. Such newspapers have no circulation and circulation is what draws advertising. The advertiser wants to reach the people and he uses the medium that will reach the greatest number of them, regardless of the editorial policy of that medium. If newspapers depended for advertising upon the patronage of those in accord with their editorial policies they would starve to death. Imagine Republicans advertising only Republican papers, and Democrats only in Democratic papers. The advertiser's mind doesn't work that way. It is a better kind of mind than that. We have heard of advertisers trying the Loree stunt, as when the agents of the packers asked advertising managers to forward clippings indicating the editorial attitude of their papers towards certain complaints about the high cost of meat and other things. The plan did not pan out. It may have got a weak paper here and there, but it didn't get any of the big ones,—at least not enough of them to soft-pedal the discontent of the public. "Oh, but," says Loree, "that was only one advertiser trying the game. All the advertisers should get together and follow that policy—then the papers would come to time and nothing would be said in them that would in the least disturb the tenderest sensibilities of the most lily-souled Loree from hell to breakfast." Again Loree is magnificent, but a dub. Suppose all the advertisers did that thing. What interesting newspapers we would have! How much more we would know soon about the business of the big advertisers, the lives and loves and adventures of the Lorees. And what little business the advertisers would have.

Soon they would have no advertising to bestow. Mr. Loree's scheme for controlling press opinion is full of all kinds of blow-holes. He has a curious mind. He is a victim of *hysteron proteron*—putting the cart before the horse. He thinks the newspapers make the discontent. They do not. They only reflect and echo it. He thinks the press makes Bolshevism. He is wrong. Bolshevism is made by other forces—sometimes by the stupidities and turpitudes of the Lorees of the time. The cure for such discontent, by whatever name it may be called, is not to prevent discussion of it, but to remove the causes of complaint, and if the causes of complaint be not removed, there is always danger that the discontented may get busy some nice balmy day and—remove the Lorees. For some thousands of years the Lorees have tried to find a way to bend opinion to their will. They haven't found it yet. They have shot and hanged and drowned and burned men and books and pamphlets that did not support their theory and practice of running the world for all there is in it—for them. But they haven't been able to stop people's thinking. They haven't been able to blind or deafen people in the mass. They couldn't do it when they controlled all the literature there was, when they had all the education extant. They couldn't do it by rope and axe and torch and faggot; neither could they do it by bribery. They won't be able to do it under the auspices of the present Loree. One reason is that the Lorees can't hang together for long. One bunch of Lorees goes out after another bunch, and when they fall out honest men get their dues. All the Lorees do not agree as to what is orthodox. They might for a little while but soon one or another would scent a little advantage in playing for the heretics and go after their patronage. Business is business. The other Lorees would follow and the closed shop policy of the big advertisers would blow up. The out and out Socialists have a better plan for controlling the press than Mr. Loree. They would abolish advertising altogether, because it adds to the cost of production. They would have the state control the papers' editorial opinions, as it does in Petrograd. Any opposition opinion could appear only in state owned papers, edited by state-paid editors and printed in the back part of the paper. Occasionally an editor that couldn't see things as the government did would be shot. Hard lines for editors. Yes, but at that, when such conditions prevail there are more editors surviving than there are Lorees: the latter have been distributed pendent on the lamp-posts until the streets look like Louis XIth's orchard close. Mr. Loree can't accomplish what he wants in any way that I can see. There's no way of bribing or bluffing the press. The only thing to do with the press is to leave it free, with responsibility for misuse of freedom. Only if that be done can we be moderately sure that the Lorees will be accorded such protection from discontent as is accorded game under the game laws, liberally construed. There's nothing more dangerous to everybody than a "fixed" press. And maybe Mr. Loree doesn't know it, but it is none the less a fact, that his greatest danger lies in the fact that a great many people believe that the Lorees have the press too well "fixed" now. There are "fixed" papers, but they are few, and one trouble with a paper you can fix is that somebody else can come along and fix it against you. I think Mr. L. F. Loree is due to go 'way back and sit down on himself.

Some Poetry, Old Style

I WISH all the free versers, imagists, vorticists, paroxymists and such would absent them from felicity awhile in their rapt umbilicular self-contemplation and consider the virtues and glories of the good old rhyming couplet and the straightaway narrative poem. They would then discover that they are in their poetical practice to a large extent like unto the young man in Mr. William Jennings Bryan's story who was throwing kisses in the dark to a girl who didn't know he was there—he was a having a bully time to himself but no one else knew it or was participant therein. Poetry is somewhat written for the writer, I admit, but if it's written only for the writer, and nobody else is in on it or can get in on it, it doesn't count for much as poetry. I would call the attention of such poets to such works of poetic art as Mr. John Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" and Mr. John G. Neihardt's "Song of Three Friends" as being of "the old stuff" of song upon which the new schools have almost clamped the lid.

Mr. Masefield tells us about a fox-hunt and all the people engaged in it, and the fox. The personnel of the hunting party is depicted with all the detail as to color and character that makes the English sporting country-side live shoutingly for us. There's a whole county of people on his canvas and they are all palpitant with the joy of the event. He tells us who and what they are in a few swift splashes of words. Each one of them is a little story in himself or herself. The group represents a social organization on a holiday, and the individuals are distinct even while they blend together. Then there's the fox. Mr. Masefield makes you think and feel poignantly with the pursued beast, with all the thrills and throbs you would feel if you were Reynard with the hounds behind you and earth after earth stopped up against your hiding, and your heart pounding painfully and your thoughts flashing backward to many a happier and more peaceful time when you ranged that same terrain unharried by yelping Death at the end of your brush. This running beast is a very fox, but he's a poet fox and your heart is with him on every bound and leap of his alternating hope and agony. The fox is sanctified by his suffering into something more worth while than his pursuers and you want him to escape even if he has in his time stolen a chicken or two from the farmer. The fox's side of the sport of fox-hunting is more impressive than the hunt's. And the world goes gray as he seems to be caught, and is ringing with joy as he escapes his pursuers. Maybe there's some of the pathetic fallacy in all this, but that's not the important thing. The important thing is that you run with the fox far outside and beyond yourself and find yourself in another world of thought and feeling. You are "translated." There's mighty little of the "new poetry" can do that for you; that can make you a collaborator with the poet and a part of what he describes. Never was Masefield more the poet than in this.

Mr. Neihardt does much the same thing in "The Song of Three Friends." It is a couplet story of what you might call three guardsmen of the early West, three bold, strong, daring, drinking, fighting men of an expedition to the region of the Northwest in the middle eighteen-twenties. The song takes you up the Missouri with the exploring party and Spring dances along the banks ahead of the snub-nosed boats all the way. The voyage makes you feel that here again live and sing and fight and carouse the argonauts of Jason seeking the Golden Fleece in a world as new as their's was whose story is

the first romantic novel of classic lore. The great river is a part in the poem too, and the men carry with them roysterous memories of days on the loose in *Vide Poche*, or "empty pocket," as St. Louis was called in that primitive time. The three friends are of an heroic age: an American, an Irishman, a Frenchman. They talk and act to an extent like heroes in Homer, though without the boasting. We journey with them to the homes of the Indians and there the drama works out. It is all over a chief's daughter. The Irishman beholds and instantly loves her, but her heart is for the tall American, and the Irishman's soul is blackened within him. There's a game of "seven-up"—think of "seven-up" in a poem—which culminates in a tremendous bout at fisticuffs between the successful and the unsuccessful lover. This fight is done with the most convincing *elan*. It is nothing less than splendid in total impression and in detail. The American wins. The loser sulks but consents to make up later and then upon a festal occasion the whole expedition calls for the performance often done by these two—the shooting of a tin whiskey cup by one from the head of the other. This time the Irishman shoots and misses. The American is killed. He had had a premonition and left his gun to the Frenchman. Then, though the poem delays, as is the manner of poems, to get the necessary effects of contrast, comes the forest fire. Neihardt writes this better than Carl Weimar painted it. It is something like Noah's flood, but more terrible, the living world fleeing before the hurricane from hell. The Irishman and the Frenchman flee together in the great wave of beasts before the wave of flame. And then it is that the Irishman blurts out that his missing the whiskey cup was no accident: he shot to kill. The victim had given the Frenchman his gun. The Irishman's horse is gone, the Frenchman's is still good. A butte is gained. The Frenchman uses the gun to drive the Irishman from safety, and he wanders off over the scorched land alone, helpless. This march ends in death at the edge of a stream choked with dead bison, antelope and other creatures, and the Frenchman reflecting that he was not God to condemn another, and repenting his driving his companion into the charred wilderness, seeks him out. The buzzards indicate where the Irishman has died of exhaustion and thirst, after madness. Now it's not the story so much that counts—especially as I have condensed it—but the way in which Mr. Neihardt tells it. You never quite lose the story in the manner though that manner makes you pause momentarily to taste its excellence as it hurries you along with the men whose story it tells. The setting of the stirring scenes is made clear without too much of mere enumeration of observations. In the whole world of big disaster the biggest thing is the soul of man, or noble or ignoble. More terrible than the forest fire is the crime that has been done and the retribution that is meted out and last but not least the too late repentance of the avenger. Of Mr. John G. Neihardt I may say, as says Sir Philip Sidney in his "Defense of Poesy," "He cometh upon you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner." Here is a poem distinctively American and it is the second of its kind, the first being "The Song of Hugh Glass." It has many beauties, if some atrociously bad lines. It has primitive effects that dimly recall the Iliad. It has indisputably the great quality of making the reader live the poem with all the men in it and the vast nature in which it moves. It isn't free verse but it sets free the spirit. Salutations to Mr. John G. Neihardt.

Climate

By Julian Clive

THERE is an anecdote about a Southerner who asks his negro servant why, although he rang for him at seven o'clock, he never appeared until eight. The negro replied, "Boss, I gits up at seven, but then I sets on the aidge o' meh bed an' res'es mehseff for a hour."

This is supposed to be an example of Afro-American sloth; but in reality it is only an evidence of climatic influence—the slow sapping of energy in the "land that devoureth the inhabitants thereof."

Robert Harley did not actually sit on the edge of his bed for an hour after waking; but his arising was done by slow stages. Perhaps he could not have got up at all but for the cup of strong black coffee deposited by Dilcey on the battered wooden chair beside him. Then, with stretchings and yawnings, he became equal to the exertion of putting a foot out of bed and feeling about for the Japanese straw sandals in which he shuffled around the house.

On the days when he did not have to go to the warehouse, his toilet was a sketchy affair. He ran a comb through his hair, and his costume consisted of pyjamas. Three times a week a little stern-wheel boat, the *Southern Belle*, chugged up this inlet of Red River to deposit mail and freight for the little settlement at Kitchin's Landing; and on those days, Harley, who was freight clerk, put on a shirt, trousers and shoes. He did not go as far as a coat. What would have been the use?

But on other days he would go out and collapse into the dilapidated hammock, while Dilcey went through the motions of cleaning up his room. Often he would spend all day reclining thus, smoking a foul pipe and glancing listlessly over a New Orleans paper three days old. The house and gallery were screened, for Harley was "tender-skinned" as the natives said jocularly. He could not endure the savage attacks of the swamp mosquitoes, and the customary expedient of making a "smudge" choked him and inflamed his eyes. Holes had got punched here and there in the wire netting, but Dilcey had repaired these breaches with bits of mosquito-bar, which had a queer appearance, but kept the insects out.

Though there was a negro barber of sorts in the settlement, Harley's hair often grew shaggy, and for days at a time he went unshaven. Perhaps it still gave him a twinge to look in the cheap little mirror hanging above a shelf that held his battered brush and comb. Once he had had a thin, finely-cut face, but now it was relaxed and flabby, and his figure began to look paunchy. He never took any exercise, and Dilcey was a good cook—her gombos and fried chicken and coffee and biscuits were beyond criticism. Moreover, he imbibed many times a day from the bottle always locked up in his wardrobe. He did not know that Dilcey had a key that unlocked it, though he sometimes wondered hazily at the rapid diminishing of the liquor. Reliable authorities of the locality had assured him that this procedure would "keep the malaria out." Perhaps it merely brought oblivion of malarial evils; but if "there's nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so," it amounted to the same thing.

He was only thirty-five, but he looked ten years older. His friends of ten years ago would not have recognized him. Then he had been slim and "fit" and alert—a player of tennis and polo with something of a record. He had had literary aspirations, too, and had published a slim volume of verse which several reliable critics had praised. But necessity did not spur him up the stony steeps, and he remained an amateur.

There had been his affair with Minna Brent that had unsettled him. She was a married woman, one of those diaphanous blondes with lustrous eyes that filled easily with tears. Like him, she appreciated beauty in art and nature and had a turn for phrasemaking, and they exchanged the most exquisite sentiments. Even when they danced together—and

she danced like a sylph—she could always think of something "different" to murmur in his ear. Her husband, whom she had married for his money, was a violent and vulgar man—his low brow and red jowls betrayed this, Harley thought—and Minna was terribly afraid of him. So their affair, in reality quite harmless, had to be conducted in secrecy and with trembling. Then, in a sudden panic, Minna told him they must not see each other any more: her husband was acting strangely—he must have grown suspicious of her. He was really worried over some business matters, but Minna's guilty conscience made her timorous.

The failure and consequent death of Harley's father parted them in good earnest. Harley had somehow always fancied himself a brisk, competent sort of person, but when the prop of wealth was removed, a sudden feeling of helplessness came upon him. He had never been trained for any work, and, unlike the characters in magazine stories, his former friends did not offer him a sinecure in any of their offices or places of business. He tried to get newspaper work, but failed, and he concluded that the best thing he could do was to leave the northern city where he had been a rich man's son.

It was characteristic of both of them that the last interview of Harley and Minna took place in the Japanese department of an art museum. Minna had reasoned that neither her husband nor her friends had any yearnings for art, and thus she and Harley would be able to lament unseen by anybody who mattered.

With tears pearling from under her long lashes, Minna said, "We can always think of each other, and perhaps some day—some day—"

Harley assented, "Yes—perhaps a time will come,"—but he recalled Brent's look of rude health, and doubted that his removal from earth would ever bring about their reunion.

"And Rob, dearest," she went on, "you know how we have always loved to look at the evening sky together, and how you once quoted those lines I shall never forget,—"

*'And there the sunset skies unsealed
Like lands he never knew.'*

"Promise me you'll always send me a thought at sunset—and, dearest, be sure then I'm always sending one to you."

Moved by her pretty sentiment, he promised, and they parted with mutual vows of constancy.

Taking the few hundreds that remained to him, he drifted southward, trying first one thing, and then another, but never successfully. At last an old friend of his father's who lived in New Orleans got him a position as freight clerk at Kitchin's Landing. The duties were light and the post was so undesirable that it was not likely to be taken away from him. The former incumbent had died of malarial fever, and the one preceding, who had followed too zealously the local prescription for that ill, walked off the wharf one evening and was drowned. Harley's survival was probably due to his northern prejudice in favor of screens, thus preventing the mosquitoes from poisoning him.

At first it was not so bad. He was only twenty-five years old, and he had his thoughts and his memories of Minna, which, as he was not passionate but sentimental, did not harass him. It was early spring, and the tropical beauty of the moss-hung woodland back of the settlement delighted him—the magnolias with their alabaster vases of cool perfume, the rosy wild azaleas, and the yellow jasmine almost smothering the trees it embraced, and filling the air with intoxicating fragrance. But he had been told he must walk warily on account of water moccasins and spreading adders; and once, standing on the bayou's edge, he had been startled to see what he had thought to be a muddy log suddenly reveal itself as an alligator by disappearing beneath the red water. He would bring home armfuls of wild flowers, and put them in gaudy vases

purchased at the settlement general store. In those days Dilcey had been obliged to keep the one room of his cabin clean, and there were even curtains at the windows.

He had thought he would write some wonderful poems in this solitude, and he began several, but got "stuck" and could go no further. Like an enchanted princess who can reveal her true self only at moments, the river had two intervals of beauty—dawn and sun-down. At sunset, sometimes, the ruddy glory of the red sky and the red water and the red clay earth was almost unspeakably beautiful and terrible. It was like an Apocalyptic vision presaging blood and battle. He tried to put it into words, but it seemed beyond him. Then he would send Minna one of those promised lover's messages with which the wandering air-currents are always filled.

But the protracted summers—actually nine months long—drained away his energy. He would sit perfectly motionless and feel the perspiration running in rivulets down his spine, as if he were slowly liquefying in the damp, heavy heat. Apathy and lassitude crept upon him and overpowered body and mind, and then followed the habit of trying to stimulate himself with whiskey. At first he and Minna had written each other voluminous letters full of choice phrases, but after a while he became slow in answering, and finally did not write at all, and so the correspondence lapsed. She receded and still receded in his memory, until her image grew dim and vague.

He became neglectful of his person—what did it matter?—and Dilcey realized with satisfaction that he was losing his foolish fussiness about the necessity of sweeping and dusting. The curtains became dirty rags, and Dilcey took them down and was careful not to wash them. The bed sagged in the

middle beneath a counterpane of doubtful hue. Now she had more time to sway back and forth in the split-bottomed chair on the back gallery outside the kitchen door, droning such Methodist hymns as "I Wants to Go Home," and "Be Ye Rickconiled."

His unfinished manuscripts gathered dust in the table drawer. A general muzziness, like a mist, overspread his mind. It was a sort of squalid Nirvana he had attained in the flesh.

One late afternoon, the *Southern Belle* brought not only freight for others, but a letter for him. It interested him so little that he thrust it in his trousers pocket, and did not open it until he was at home, outstretched in the hammock. It was from Minna. Her husband had died, contrary to all possibilities, and with the incorrigible sentimentality of her type she fancied that Harley had been cherishing her memory during all these years of silence, and was just waiting to rush back to her embraces.

With the letter in his hand, he tried to conjure up her face. Those ethereal blondes usually grow faded and stringy with years—and Minna was several years older than he. A sudden recollection of the glimpse he had caught of himself that morning, in the little looking-glass, made him wince.

Even five years ago the prospect might have tempted him, but now The letter fluttered out of his lax hand to the gallery floor, as he swung himself lazily in the hammock, his eyes fixed on the wild sky where the sunset was spreading wonderful wild wings of light above the ruddy river. Like an echo from some far off hollow place, the half-forgotten words returned to him

"And there the sunset skies unsealed

Like lands he never knew"

"Oh—well—" he mumbled, "it would be so much trouble."

Hudson and Grahame

By Charles J. Finger

THERE was a man," said Sanchez as he laid little twigs on the new-built fire, "who knew the animals and the birds. He was a gringo, but, unlike them, knew the very snakes, the trees and the things that move under the earth."

We sat on the banks of the upper Rio Descado as we talked, Sanchez and I, and it was evening time, and just before the chilliness that made us take our *ponchos* came upon us. The setting sun had flung banners of crimson and gold across the western sky, and above that was a band of that metallic green and blue that you may see on a pigeon's neck feathers. What there may have been beside that I do not know other than that the silhouettes of horses and bushes stood against the sky, and the silver lights were being hung out above one by one. There were soft crunchings as the *tropilla* fed, and, now and then, the ring of the *madrina's* bell.

An armadillo had come into sight and as quickly disappeared, and it was that which had started us to talking of animals. Sanchez held that a *gaucho* was a good horseman, because his soul and the soul of the horse were as one. That all gringos had souls he did not believe. True there might be one here and there—this Hudson of "*circa La Casa Antigua*" was such a one. Then the talk passed to other things and there were tales, and legends, and truths inextricably mixed. There was the story of Angel Brunel, of the white woman who lived with the Patagonians, of the great green man of the sea, of the spirit who dwelt in the Andes and who sent the *pampera*.

Now a couple of weeks or so ago I received a long letter from Mr. Hudson, dealing in the main with Patagonian matters. In a sketch that appeared in the MIRROR, ("Shep") he had found what he thought to be a confirmation of his belief in the sense of location and direction in animals. With the letter

was an autographed photograph. That I sent to the framer's. A day or so later, not receiving the picture, I hunted up the man of moldings, who denied having any such treasure as that with which I had entrusted him. Searching around, I found it with a miscellaneous lot of papers, chromos, old books and the rest, where any impious hand might have seized upon it. Chiding him for his carelessness, I found that he had never heard of Hudson, nor did he know of any book written by him. Albeit, the man is also a bookseller. Then said I?

"I'll show you. Where's the History of English Literature that you use in this college?"

"This here's it," said the framer, handing me "The History of English Literature" by Moody and Lovett.

Searching the index I found no mention of Hudson. I took down another handbook. "English and American Literature" this time. H. C. Wright had a half page, H. G. Wells a page and a half, Hudson nothing. So the framer was excused.

Now this, remember, is no jay town. It is a college town. It is neither Cluster Springs, Virginia, nor Ash Flat, Sharp county, Arkansas. It is in the proud state of Ohio, mother of presidents, and equidistant from the home of Senator Harding and the state capitol. Further, locally, there is a good sale for the works of Harold Bell Wright, "Dere Mable" and Robert Chambers, and the *Red Book*, *Snappy Stories* and the *Ginger Jar* all sell well.

One would think that more people knew of Hudson. Richard Garnett is somebody, and he said that in "El Ombu" Hudson had written the finest story in the English language. Then there is the late Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote an introduction to the "Purple Land." And Galsworthy, too, said this: "Hudson is a very great writer, and, to my thinking, the most valuable our age possesses." Barrie

and Clifford Smythe also said fair things about the "Crystal Age," while Williams James thought "Idle Days in Patagonia" was the best book of travel that was ever written.

Well, there's no use repining. Nationally we go in for pinchbeck and tinsel. What we call our opinions are more often than not mere repetitions of the first thing that we heard said on any subject on which we had not thought about before. Deride them as we may, we still look to the newspapers for guidance. Parrot like, we chatter to each other the wet and dry arguments that are hung in the street cars. Condensed novels we devour, and our geography and history we take from Pathe and Burton Holmes.

The picture rescued from the philistine framer shows a smiling man of late middle age, with grey cropped beard. His left hand is held shoulder high to protect a cigar from the attacks of a pet raven that has perched on his knee. The letter that accompanied the picture has a page closely written telling of the bird, how it approached warily, inquisitively; how it seized upon and tore a page of manuscript; how it suddenly hopped up and tried to seize the cigar. The description is typical of Hudson's style, being full of an indescribable freshness and enthusiasm. He does not, as did Jack London, project a man's intelligence into an animal. Neither is there anything of the Maeterlinck mysticism in him. Instead, he is more comparable to Fabre.

One recent critic spoke of Hudson as a visionary, and pointed to his "A Little Boy Lost" (Knopf) in proof of the statement. The critic utterly failed to grasp the significance of that work, and in so failing, missed the salient part of Hudson's purpose. If you will look back a little into your own past, you will find a time in child life when, like Ulysses, you were a part of all you saw, a part of all you heard. It was the hour in which heaven lay about you. Then you knew thrills of delight at little things. A bird hopping before the window, a newly opened flower, a bee on the clover—these were things to be noted and pondered over. Then, to watch an ant was an adventure. Its failure was your grief, its success your delight. Or you found something wonderful and fascinating in the tumbling waves or the murmur of a sea shell. Now that is something of the spirit that animates "A Little Boy Lost." If you will compare the story with Chapter XVII of his "Far Away and Long Ago" (E. P. Dutton) you will see for yourself that this is so. Reading it aloud to the children, there comes to one something like a sense of dismay to find what a great gulf separates the man in his world of fierce rivalry, and hate, and bloodshed, from the child and its world of delight. Reading thus, one is rejuvenated. There is recovered in a measure the days of delight when the fireside was an altar and the home a place where were no stone walls of separation.

Something of the spirit that impelled Izaak Walton pervades the work of Hudson, as also that of Cunningham Grahame. There is, in all three of them, a realization of the insolubility of life's problems. There is also a lack of personal ambition in so far as that means a desire for the world's goods. And there is, too, a great kindness that embraces all living things. And, withal, there is everywhere expressed a deep and abiding reverence. Finest of all, perhaps, is the poignant sense of pain mingled with love and pity at an act of cruelty. You find the same thing in Dreiser's sketches, especially in his story, "The Sanctuary." You sense it in Grahame's "The Fourth Magus." It is the kind of feeling a parent has when a child develops a tendency to cruelty or to acts of meanness.

You catch too, a peculiar note of half mystical veneration at times. A dozen passages might be cited of this nature from "Far Away and Long Ago," but especially so the story of the old *gaucho* land owner. In Grahame you find the same thing in his "Sor Candida and the Bird." Unostentatious piety is the keynote. Passing from the priests and nuns of Hudson and Grahame to those depicted by

George Moore in his "Story Teller's Holiday" is like stepping from a quiet family fireside into a brothel. It is as if you had passed from the companionship of Shelley and Pater to herd with Yahoos and Struldbrugs.

Reading the tales of the pampas by both men, you will not fail to be struck with the absence of laughter. Looking back, it seems to me that on the pampas there was a quiet joy, a satisfaction, a content such as we may suppose animals feel. Out under the sky, I do not think that we laughed much—we who wandered far. Neither did the Indians. There were miles to be sure, but rarely laughter. Nature, in fact, does not laugh. Laughter is an extreme, like violent grief. It is a reaction, a protest perhaps against the greyness and dullness and commonness of civilized life. It is more of an anodyne to mitigate the pain of a silly existence. If you doubt that, go to a moving picture show and watch the people that laugh. More often than not you will find that laughter comes at the discomfiture of others. Perhaps that is one reason why the tales of Hudson and Grahame will never attain popularity. Certainly folk whose risibilities are stirred by the Bolshevistic activities of *Everett True*, or the brickbatting of *Jeff by Mutt*, will never find delight in Hudson's "Story of a Piebald Horse," or Grahame's "Andorra."

"But," people say, "these writers leave the reader in the air. What becomes of so and so?" The question voices a complaint, the common complaint of people who are obsessed with the false notion that in life everything is cut and dried, symmetrical and reasonable. Such people revolt against any presentation of life as it really is—that is, anarchical, meaningless, objectiveless. Their ideal in a story is a struggle for the satisfaction of an appetite—the sexual appetite. If the Hungry Two are led by devious ways to the banquet chamber and the curtain falls as they are about to take their seat at the feast, so to speak, all's well. If not, all's wrong. Now both Hudson and Grahame are as little concerned with sex appetite as with any other appetite. They are wisely content to present truth as it appears to them, and are not concerned to elucidate for the reader. The past and the future are left to take care of themselves. If a situation is paradoxical, it is so, and there's an end to it. Lesser minds may attempt reconciliation? They do not find it necessary.

There is another thing. You may search the writings of Hudson, as you may search those of Grahame, without finding a single gilded hero. Heroic deeds are done to be sure, but, as it is in life, extraordinary things are done in a matter of fact way by very ordinary men. Men do not strike attitudes in life when they are in earnest, any more than, outside of moving picture land, they are forever grasping one another's hands or slapping each other on the back. In real life there are no *Cyrano de Bergeracs*. Pershings do not gather at tombs saying, "Here we are, Lafayette," or "We are here, Lafayette," either. Explorers do not stand on Darien peaks and make magniloquent speeches to the ocean. When things are accomplished, they are accomplished so gradually that no surprise is felt at the end, nor is there any particular thrill. The Wright brothers, judging by what I saw of them at Dayton, probably "took a chew" at the close of their first successful flight. Conrad doubtlessly went to bed like a sensible man when he had finished "Nostromo." Nor could Columbus have felt any particular rapture when he saw the grey blob that marked Cat Island and the end of his trip. So in these stories of the pampas you will find no Douglas Fairbanks. You will find deeds of violence told of, and tales of strife and of anguish, but nothing of the theatrical in the presentation. If a throat is to be cut, it is cut quietly, quickly and without ostentation, as in life. There may be a little preliminary argument and brag, for that is both human and animal like. But the real business is done expeditiously and there's an end on 't. I think that is all I have to say.

Pins for Wings

By Emanuel Morgan

IV.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

PEASANT

Singing

In French heels.

LEONORA SPEYER.

A velvet train

In a brook.

AMY LOWELL.

A rhinestone chip

On a blood-red shoulder.

CLEMENT WOOD.

The west wind

In rebellion against a wall.

ANGELA MORGAN.

Jeanne d'Arc

Seizes a trombone.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Toe-dancing

On the shells

Of the eggs of a bird of Paradise.

T. S. ELIOT.

The wedding-cake

Of two tired cultures.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

Repartee

From all three crosses.

WALLACE STEVENS.

The shine of a match

In an empty pipe.

ORRICK JOHNS.

The Rubaiyat

Carved on a carrot.

(To be Continued.)

The New Party

By W. M. R.

IT does not seem likely that the Labor Party launched at Chicago the other day will prove to be the new party the country has been expecting since about the time the President came back from Paris. Its resolutions are not objectionable from any truly liberal standpoint. The demand for the release of our political prisoners is a legitimate one. It is in accord with the idea that the war at home should be ended. Repeal of the espionage acts would work for a restoration of democracy. Protest against massacres in the Ukraine and other European countries is only speaking in the voice of humanity. Calling for the impeachment of Judge Anderson of Indianapolis for enjoining the striking miners is a bit extreme, and so is the demand for a new trial for Mooney. The party platform is too narrow, the party name, Labor Party, too exclusive.

More likely it is a new party will arise from the conference here week after next under the auspices of the Committee of Forty-eight. The committee's questionnaire on replies to which the conference will concentrate is of broader scope. The issues to be dealt with transcend class interest. They include all the best of the Labor party's ideas and many more, reaching out towards railroad control, the land question, universal service, and general democratization of our democracy. The intellectuals on the Committee of Forty-eight are concerned somewhat more with general political ideas than with particularist policies. Such a group would take in the Labor Party and much else. The Labor Party as planned would not be a party at all but a special society—and with most of organized labor on the outside.

Letters From the People

Freedom of Speech

New York, Nov. 18th, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Your article "The Two Terrors" in the November 13th MIRROR is fine, but you omitted to state that in the Russian case, Abrams, Lachowsky and Lipman were sentenced to twenty years in jail, and that Mollie Steimer, a twenty-one-year-old girl, was sentenced to fifteen years in jail even though Judge Holmes said, "In this case sentences of twenty years' imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that I believe the defendants had as much right to publish as the government has to publish the Constitution of the United States now vainly invoked by them. Even if I am technically wrong and enough can be squeezed from these poor and puny anonymities to turn the color of legal litmus paper, I will add, even if what I think the necessary intent were shown, the most nominal punishment seems to me all that possibly

could be inflicted, unless the defendants are to be made to suffer not for what the indictment alleges but for the creed that they avow—a creed that I believe to be the creed of ignorance and immaturity when honestly held, as I see no reason to doubt that it was held here, but which, although made the subject of examination at the trial, no one has a right even to consider in dealing with the charges before the Court."

If there ever was a case that called for amnesty, in view of the dissenting opinion of two able judges like Holmes and Brandeis, this is the case. The man in the street who runs and only reads headlines can understand this, and amnesty for all political prisoners should be declared by President Wilson at once, including these four Russians. These four Russians are perfectly willing to go back to Russia with all the other thousands of clamoring Russians who are flayed and jailed, bullied and beaten to make a Roman holiday, and to keep the public mind off the putting down of liberty instead of putting down the high cost of living.

I might say that as fine as Judge Holmes' opinion is, he still doesn't go far enough, because I believe that when the Constitution says "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press" it means exactly what it says, "Congress shall make no law." Yet Holmes believes that "only the emergency that makes it immediately dangerous to leave the correction of evil counsels to time warrants making any exception to the sweeping command, 'but Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech.'"

I stand absolutely for the proposition as enunciated in the Constitution and that is that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," and neither time, tide,

emergency, peace nor war can give congress that power, except an amendment to the Constitution of the United States by the people. Even Justice Holmes is yet afraid to admit that the conviction of Debs for a speech was wrong, but the day will yet come when every conviction under the espionage act for words printed or spoken will be one of the black spots in American history. The revolutionists who adopted the Constitution of the United States intended to guarantee the unabridgeable liberty of discussion as a natural right not to be abridged on any plea, or under any pretext, or through any subterfuge. The right guaranteed was intended to enlarge intellectual opportunity.



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The existence of the power to suppress any opinion is, in the long run, more destructive to human well being than the ideas against which the power is exercised. A speech or article is never an overt act, and Americans have always assumed the right of unrestricted discussion of public affairs. Thomas Jefferson went as far as to say in his inaugural address, March 4th, 1801: "If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it." We are still a government of and by discussion, and absolute freedom of speech is the only basis upon which the government can stand and remain free. Force is never a remedy and tyrannies of majorities or of elected public officials are as bad as tyrannies of kings. The greatest crime is the repression of honest thought.

There are new economic theories abroad in the world. There is a revaluation of values as to government and society. Men with the dust of dead laws and dead theories in their eyes and mouths and brains should not be permitted to attempt to stamp out discussion, and to shackle the spirits of those fighting for a living humanity.

Abuse of free speech dies in a day but its denial shackles the race's future. Justice walks with leaden feet and has lost her way and cannot find many of the court rooms of America.

Ideals cannot be killed by imprisoning idealists. You cannot stop ideas as long as one brain continues to function. Governments, churches, judges and jailors have tried it as far back as the memory or records of men go. But never have they been able to fully subdue the spirit of man. Ideas are infectious, and crushed to earth, spread over it.

Liberty is never a gift. It is always a purchase, and the price is blood and tears, happiness and often the personal liberty of the individual purchaser. Liberty has always been the great temptation for idealists.

HARRY WEINBERGER.

Agin' Government

St. Louis, Nov. 19, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

In your admirable article, "The Two Terrors," you very justly urge the comparatively small numbers of the revolutionaries.

You must remember, however, that revolutions are made by the conservatives themselves, far more than by revolutionaries.

Thus in the early part of the French revolution every member of the constituent assembly was continually asserting his allegiance to the monarchy, the most extreme of them would not tolerate even the name of democracy. It was only when monarchy showed itself incapable of fulfilling the needs of progress that it became necessary to take up with democracy.

So now almost everybody naturally prefers to be conservative, but is gradually forced toward liberalism and to radicalism because the present regime is incapable of fulfilling the imperious demands of progress.

These governments are all terribly afraid that somebody will "overthrow" them. It is quite unnecessary for anybody to even try. They are like a set of drunken men staggering on, holding on to each other, and wondering which will fall first.

If they could but make the present system work, all would be well. Radicals and conservatives would both be satisfied and there would be no need for suppressing anybody. The trouble is they can't make it work; they have nothing to offer but the same old programme of tramps and strikes and the army of the unemployed and commercial panics and periodical wars.

For after all, governments are built as war-making machines. They are not constructed for making peace. They can make war, as we have seen, with considerable efficiency, but, as we have

also seen, they cannot make peace if they try. We ask them for a solution of some of the most pressing problems; and they have no reply but war.

We ask for a rational system of universal commerce, which the world must have; and all they can do is to start another war. We ask for a rational solution of the labor problem, and again they only drag out their machinery of destruction and proceed to kill people.

Fools that we are, we are loth to part with them; ancient habit has endeared them to us; but when they show themselves, as they are showing themselves, worn-out relics of a past age, incapable of meeting the essential needs of human life, they must go, and they will go, into that oblivion whither Louis XVI has gone, with no hand stretched out to save, no eye dimmed with regret at parting. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

Our Algeciras Reservation

St. Louis, Nov. 21, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

I wish to compliment you upon your leading article in this week's issue of the MIRROR entitled "The President Should Yield." It is the most fair and discriminating comment upon the situation which I have recently seen. As a student of international law I have kept close watch of the senatorial actions and may class myself as a "mild reservationist," which means that I favor the League of Nations in principle, and would be barely contented with the Hitchcock reservations. But I should regretfully prefer no league at present, if the alternative is to accept or reject the draft as it is.

One thing which may have escaped your attention ought to be said for the

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FURS and MYSTERY

The lynx is an animal that is rapidly becoming extinct, being now found only in the Pyrenees mountains of France, in dwindling numbers, and in the wilder sections of Canada and Alaska.

The European species is the largest and most beautiful of the lynx family, the fur being long, dense and lustrous, of exquisite chestnut brown diversified with black.

The Canadian and Alaskan members of the family are of a dark gray across the back, reddish gray on the sides and lighter on the under parts. The markings resemble spots and dashes and are of black and brown.

These latter species are usually dyed a rich, deep brown or black and present a magnificent appearance when treated in this manner.

It would be a fine thing and a remarkable one were we able to say that lynx is a fur that escaped imitation, but, unfortunately, it is not so.

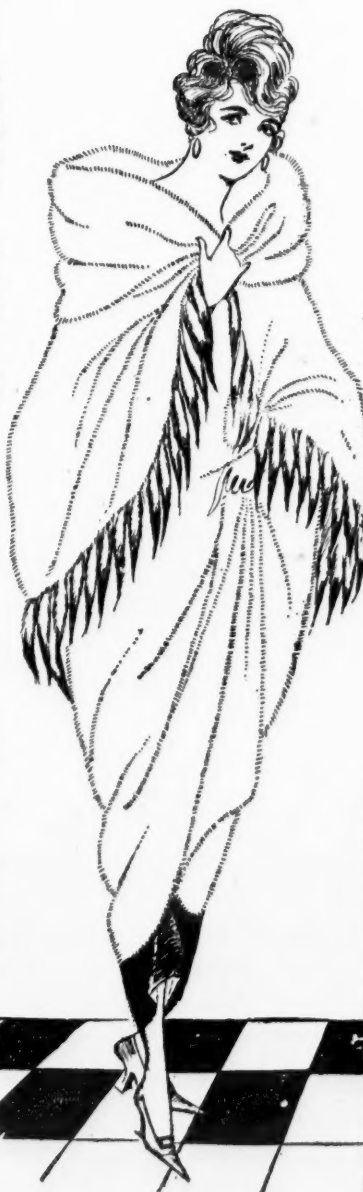
The lowly hare can be treated and dyed in such a way as to crudely resemble lynx, and many dollars of illegitimate profit have found their way into the faithless dealer's pocket by the deception.

A finer substitute and, therefore, a more dangerous one, is none other than our American raccoon, treated with a dose of dye. Like many other imitations it would not be dishonest if a dealer, where fairly good skins are used, would show the genuine and then the substitute—AS A SUBSTITUTE—each at its proper pricing and leave it to the customer to decide. But there's no long profit in that sort of a deal, so the faithless vigorously continue their misrepresentation.

BEWARE OF THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

(To be continued.)

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As a musical instrument the Sonora has won for itself the highest of reputations. It employs the most reliable and efficient of mechanisms and gives forth the clearest of bell-like tones. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

In the period cabinets, elegance was preferred to grandeur, lightness and daintiness to solidity and massiveness. The Louis XV Sonora, illustrated, is a superb example of the wonderful work in period reproduction. The Louis XV comes in Italian Walnut (other finishes on special order) priced \$1,000. :: :: :: ::

The Sonora in the usual cabinet style may be secured from \$50 to \$525. :: ::

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GRAND-LEADER



much abused senators. It is the friends of the league who are departing from the traditional policy of the United States, not the senate majority. As late as December, 1906, in approving the Algeciras treaty, the senate made this reservation:

"Resolved further, that the senate, as a part of this act of ratification, understands that the participation of the United States in the Algeciras conference and in the formation and adoption of the general act and protocol which resulted therefrom, was with the sole purpose of preserving and increasing its commerce with Morocco, the protection as to life, liberty and prosperity of its citizens residing or traveling therein, and of aiding by its friendly offices and efforts, in removing friction and controversy which seemed to menace the peace between powers signatory with the United States to the treaty of 1880, all of which are on terms of amity with this government; and without purpose to depart from the traditional American foreign policy which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions which are entirely European in their scope."

It is therefore for the League of Nations to justify its entry into American politics, and no just criticism can be attached to those who oppose it, provided they do so temperately and upon conscience.

EDWARD C. ELIOT.

Query for a Story

St. Louis, November 23rd.
Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Can you or any reader tell me where one may find any reprint of the story "On Land and Sea," by Lord Dunsany? It first appeared in the *Forum* some years ago and last year was reprinted in the *St. Louis Republic* in the "Famous Classics" series edited by E. J. O'Brien. The edition of the *Republic* was exhausted when I went there to recover copies; and queries addressed to Mr. O'Brien remain unanswered.

If it is one of a "Famous Classic" series is it not to be found somewhere in book form? I shall appreciate information on this matter as I have tried repeatedly to get other copies of this story.

HABITUAL READER.

All Holes

The old farmer was trying to impress upon his son, who wanted to play golf for exercise, that chopping wood would answer the purpose just as well. "Oh, no, father," said the boy, "it is the walking between strokes that makes golf such valuable exercise; that gives the legs a chance as well as the arms." "Oh, that's it, is it?" said the old man. And then he went into the yard and placed sticks of wood at intervals all around it. After this he handed the boy an ax and said: "Now, play the full course."

China had women soldiers long before they were known in Russia. During the Tae Ping rebellion, 1850, women as well as men served in the ranks. In Nan-king, in 1853, an army of 500,000 women was recruited. They were divided into brigades of 13,000 each and were commanded by women officers.

The Artists' Guild Show

By MAHLSTICK

There are ninety-four paintings and thirteen sculptures in the seventh annual open competitive exhibition of local artists at the Artists' Guild rooms on Union avenue. The following prizes are competed for:

The St. Louis Art League prize of \$500 for the best work of art.

The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce purchase prize of \$350 for the best painting of a scene in St. Louis, the winning picture to become the property of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce.

The John Liggett Scott memorial prize for landscapes—one hundred dollars. Offered by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wiggins.

The Frederick Oakes Sylvester prize for landscapes—fifty dollars. Offered by Mr. W. K. Bixby.

The Thomas W. Fry prize for landscapes—fifty dollars.

The Hugo A. Koehler prize for landscapes—fifty dollars.

The Carl Wimar prize for figure painting—one hundred dollars. Offered by a friend of the Guild.

The Bettie Bofinger Brown prize for figure painting—fifty dollars. Offered by Mr. George Warren Brown.

The Decoration prize of one hundred dollars. Offered by a friend of the Guild.

The Halsey C. Ives prize for sculpture—one hundred dollars. Offered by Mr. W. K. Bixby.

The J. Dwight Bridge prize for sculpture—fifty dollars. Offered by Mrs. H. E. Bridge.

The Edward Mallinckrodt prize for water colors—fifty dollars.

The Edward Mallinckrodt prize for portraits—fifty dollars.

The good pictures are very good. The others are not impressive. The showing, generally speaking, is not such a one as might be expected in a city of the size and with the good art tradition of St. Louis. I note only the more significant work.

Mrs. K. E. Cherry is represented by five pictures and one of them, a seaside painting, "Salting the Catch," will almost certainly be considered for the chief prize, while her canvas, "From the Moors to the Sea," is a splendid piece of decoration. All her work has vital quality.

Of course Oesar Berninghaus with his Taos pictures will be up in the prize money. I like an Arabian-looking thing. Indians in flowing robes on their horses looking out over a desert-seeming landscape, though another group of aboriginal equestrians in the moonlight is a splendid piece of painting, too.

"Late Afternoon on a Summer Day" is a rich and luring landscape by Gustave E. Goetsch, especially in its middle distance.

There are two smashing marines by Tom P. Barnett, "Gamblers" and a "Sabbath Day." I think I like the second the better, because it is the quieter of the two.

F. G. Carpenter's "Breeze-Blown Girl" is a striking thing, though with a touch of artifice. His "Andalusian Girl" is two pictures rather than one, and the two don't hang well together. The "Dancing Girl of Granada" is ef-

fective as to the girl, but the ass upon which she is riding is supererogatory. "Public Purging" is a decorative piece that has something of a Monticelli effect. I think it the best of his group.

For portraits my preference is the work of Charles Franklin Galt. There are three of them. The girl in purple in an autumn wood is a fine effect, though upon close examination a bit hard. The painting is a rich harmony.

Frank Neuderscher's "Romance of Industry" is a purely local subject—a picture of the municipal bridge in a mist, with some workers in the foreground. The impressionism of the mist veil is very good, and the group of men in the foreground, if a bit too strong, has none the less something of the free force of Frank Brangwyn. There are two other street scenes of his and they are things that Childe Hassam might have rejoiced to paint.

Many an Edmund H. Wuerpel have I seen, but never any better than the two in this show. They are both of evening tone. The lighter one is exquisite in its romantic quality. The Wuerpel method is here at its best.

I should say that the prize for decoration will be competed for by Mrs. Cherry's "From the Moor to the Sea" and Mr. Carpenter's "Public Purging" and, of course, Mildred Bailey Carpenter's illuminated vellum testimonial to Mrs. Barbara Blackman O'Neil.

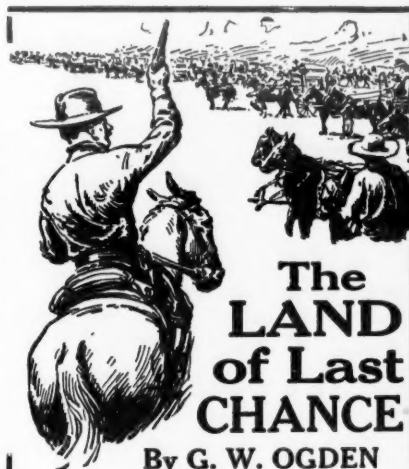
Mrs. Mildred Bailey Carpenter's Arabian Night-y decorations are exceptionally brilliant in their freedom and their detail. This artist has a richness of clotted color and a restrained grotesquerie in dealing with the human figure that is agreeably exotic. She can, if she will, do things that make you think of the effects of Urban and the greater Bakst.

Ruth Felker makes herself felt in a sort of primitive "Madonna." Mary McCall's "Water Carrier" is an outstanding canvas which the judges will give more than a brief consideration.

There are perhaps paintings not here noted that the judges from New York, Messrs. Breckenridge and Syffert, will put above any of those in my pick. A dozen or more good pictures in one show are a goodness to the eye, but there should be more. The St. Louis artists, with a whole year to work in for this show, have not come up to their past reputation. As a whole the exhibit is not to be pronounced a great success.

Anticipation

The following is told of a certain mill overlooker, who always had his dinner at a local restaurant. One of the waitresses was very keen on this over-looker, who invariably sat at the same table. She fluttered around him, ogled and giggled and explained the young man's lack of response by the fact that he stammered. "Is there anything you want?" she asked one day. The young man glanced at her and said: "Will you let me have a k-k-k—" The maiden blushed violently at this significant sound and threw a glance of triumph at the other waitresses.—"a k-k-k-cup," finished the young overlooker. The girl blushed deeper than ever at this, and the young man went on. "I know why you're b-b-blushing. You thought I was g-g-g-going to ask for a k-k-k-clean cup."



THEY were lined up at the frontier waiting for the barrier to drop that they might rush in and choose their homes.

Americans—everyone of them—crowding in that anxious army realized that the only unpeopled stretch of habitable country in all the nation lay ahead of them. With a wild rush they cross the Oklahoma border into "the promised land" only to combat with "sooners," intrigue and politics. Price \$1.50.

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Marts and Money

On the Stock Exchange in New York movements of prices continue highly erratic, with the main drift still downward, especially in such issues as had been wildly inflated in the past four months. There's evidence of better support, however, during recurrent bear onslaughts, which appear to be under the direction of well-organized cliques. The average of present representative values shows no substantial change when compared with the record of a week ago. An interesting feature is the increased buying for the account of odd-lot investors, which in the past

week or two has been materially in excess of liquidation. Steel and motor stocks continue prominent in dealings, though the quotations of most of them seem unduly high when studied in the light of dividend rates.

Steel common remains strikingly firm in the face of vigorous attempts to lower its quotation under the 100-mark. The price is 105¾ at this moment. Most of the reports from iron and steel districts are moderately encouraging. The *Iron Age* says that "in the past week large sales have been made, chiefly for the first and second quarters of 1920, and much more could have been disposed of. Several producers with-

drew from the market with inquiries before them representing tens of thousands of tons. In pig iron some symptoms of a runaway market have made their appearance." The *Iron Trade Review* declares that "redoubled efforts to increase iron and steel production are resulting from mounting pressure for supplies under which mills and furnaces are laboring."

Among experienced traders the opinion prevails that the monetary pressure should grow less before the end of the year, preparations for extraordinary demands having been made for several months. Leading financiers are not worrying seriously over prospects in the

next three months, but they are determined to curtail requests for speculative accommodation as much as possible. This policy deserves unstinted approval. It would be folly to change it in an important way. The money market is virtually unaltered in its essential aspects. The present call rate is 6 per cent, though the latest renewals were made at 12 per cent. The receding tendency in interest charges is partly the consequence of decreased speculation on the long side, and, owing to the perplexing problems of the general state of affairs, this condition promises to last beyond the first of the year.

The delay in the passing of the peace treaty was received with singular indifference in Stock Exchange parlous. It had, apparently, been expected in informed quarters for several weeks, particularly since the republican gains in several states. The idea is growing that the final outgrowth of the difficulties will be a separate treaty with Germany. If that should occur, the consequences are not likely to prove particularly troublesome.

The principal object is to resume normal political and commercial relations with the German republic at as early a date as possible. The rate for German exchange is 2.15 cents at present, or close to the very lowest ever recorded. It would seem that sufficient improvement in the rate can be secured solely through the financial succor of the United States. It must be borne in mind that up to August 1, 1914, Germany was our best customer, England being the only exception. German orders were particularly helpful in the copper, cotton and grain industries. Under existing conditions, the Teutonic nation is almost hopelessly crippled in efforts to regain at least some part of its former overseas trade.

The quotation for sterling exchange set a new absolute minimum the other day by falling to \$3.99½. Pre-war parity was \$4.8665, this rate having been stipulated on various issues of bonds of the city of St. Louis. Financial advices from London indicate growing disquietude among the rich classes, though it is still believed that the worst will be averted. The weekly statement of the Bank of England discloses a reserve ratio of 17½ per cent, against 16½ in the previous week. Walter Bagehot, a highly esteemed authority fifty years ago, considered 40 per cent the "apprehension minimum." The financial powers of New York and the East in general give close heed to developments in the tight little isle, all the more so because we have lent hundreds of millions of dollars to the British government and people.

The results of a real débâcle in one or two of the great countries of Europe can easily be imagined. There would be an avalanche of selling orders in New York and an upheaval in the money markets. For this very reason, we may rest assured that every possible effort will be made to bring adequate relief to the nations threatened with disaster. As regards exchanges on France, Italy and Belgium, prevailing rates are also at or near the very lowest ever recorded.

The foremost oil stocks are again in

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Ornstein will be here just for one night, but his art remains forever! When such a fact is realized is it any wonder that the Chickering Ampico is called the "Miracle Piano?"

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it is Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" or a spirited dance number like "The Vamp", the Ampico is ready to satisfy everyone's taste by playing just as humanly perfect as if the artist were there in person.

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vigorous inquiry, usually high quotations notwithstanding. They made gains of five to seven points lately. A stimulating factor was the news that Mid-Continent and Texas crude oil had been advanced 25 cents a barrel, or to the highest level ever established. There are reports that the production of high-grade oil is far below demand. Competent authorities place the latest increase in output at the rate of one million barrels a month, while domestic and foreign demand is racing forward at the rate of approximately 4,000,000 barrels per month. The latest quotation for Mexican Petroleum, 204½, compares with a high notch of 240 some time ago. The yearly dividend rate is 10 per cent. One cannot be suspected of chimerical ideas if one anticipates a return of the price to the recent altitudinous record.

Conditions south of the Rio Grande are growing more favorable to American and other foreign interests owning oil and mineral concessions. Estimates about the oil riches of Mexico approach the fabulous. Lest we forget, it should be set down that silver is now selling at \$1.32¾ in San Francisco. This implies a new absolute maximum. The New York price represents high record for the last fifty years. Shortly after the outbreak of the war silver could be bought in New York at 46¾ cents per ounce fine. The Mexican dollar, once almost despised when it could be bought at less than 42 cents, is in demand at \$1.03 in New York.

Finance in St. Louis.

Somewhat enlarged liquidation in the local market failed to bring serious declines in the quotations of leading shares and bonds. The volume of business is somewhat below the average of recent weeks. Parties embarrassed by new calls for margin don't find it difficult to obtain adequate accommodation at the banks. Owing to the abundance of loanable funds, faith in the soundness of underlying conditions is firmly maintained in ruling financial circles. First-class issues are strong, in spite of concessions on the part of holders willing to sell. As regards the state of affairs in the East, prominent financiers believe that the bearish movement cannot extend much further and may already have terminated in so far as the better class of stocks is concerned.

Local Quotations:

	Bid.	Asked.
Lafayette-S. S. Bank.....	136	300
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	136	138½
First National Bank.....	219½	222½
Miss. Valley Trust.....	300	320
Title Guaranty Trust.....	74	74
Fulton Iron com.....	74	74½
Certain-tyed com.....	56½	60
Indianapolis Ref.....	11½	11½
Carleton D. G. pfd.....	98½	100
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	38	38
Int. Shoe com.....	138½	140
do pfd.....	109	109½
Brown Shoe pfd.....	99¾	100½
Scruggs com.....	74	74
Hyd. P. Brick com.....	8½	8½
do pfd.....	46	47
Granite-Bimetallic.....	43¾	50
Hamilton-Brown.....	237½	237½
Marland Ref.....	6¾	6¾
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.....	16	22
do 2d pfd.....	2	3½
do 6s.....	153	155
Nat. Candy com.....	153	155
Wagner Electric.....	192½	193

Answers to Inquiries.

L. U. G., Jacksonville, Ill.—(1) St. Louis & San Francisco common is among the best class of low-priced speculations. It often acts independently of

the rest of the market. A great deal of it is owned in St. Louis and adjoining territory. The present price of 18½ represents fair valuation under present conditions. You might place a buying order at 15½. A break below ten is improbable, the floating supply in brokers' offices having been largely reduced. The recent rise of 27¾ was mainly the result of pool manipulation. (2) California Packing seems somewhat overvalued at the current price of 76, the dividend rate being only 4 per cent. There's probability of a decline to about 65. In such event you would be justified in buying another certificate for a speculative investment of considerable intrinsic merit.

INVESTOR, Fond Du Lac, Wis.—(1) Central Pacific 4s, quoted at 75, are an attractive investment at 74¾, which compares with 83 in the forepart of the year. There's no danger of further material depreciation. The bonds are widely held among capitalistic investors and well suited for the purposes of administrators and trustees who desire to obtain as high a rate on funds as is consistent with principles of sound investment. (3) You should retain Chicago & Northwestern preferred, which pays 8 per cent per annum and is quoted at 123. It is an investment rather than a speculation and the 8 per cent will undoubtedly be maintained.

INQUIRY, St. Louis.—It is generally believed that the \$2 annual dividend on Miami Copper will be maintained. The stock is essentially speculative and inferior to Anaconda, Inspiration and Utah. The ruling value of 24¼ doesn't appear excessive, because it discounts the unfavorable factors in the copper trade. There's some probability, of course, that it might drop to 20 in case of another successful raid on the general list.

M. R., Des Moines, Ia.—Chicago Great Western common should be held resolutely, present adverse circumstances notwithstanding. It looks cheap at 9¼, and should become a popular speculation after the Wall Street situation has righted itself, as it doubtless will within a few months. Price was up to 12 in the early months of this year, while the low mark was 7½. The company is of unquestionable strategic value and may be absorbed within a few years by one of its leading competitors.

MARKET, Wright City, Mo.—Alaska Gold Mines stock, selling at 2½, is a poor purchase at this time. Prospects for a substantial advance are practically nil. The management is not liked in conservative quarters. The price was never higher than 4¼ since January 1. For quarter ended September 30 company reports a deficit of \$27,289, as compared with a deficit of \$56,483 in the like quarter of 1918. For nine months of this year the deficit is \$190,557, against a deficit of \$34,250 for corresponding period last year.

Coming Shows

St. Louisans are to have another week of musical comedy, as both our first-class legitimate houses are bringing on New York successes. At the American Charles Dillingham's "She's a Good Fellow" will be presented with the original organization from the Globe theatre of New York. The music is by Victor Kern, the book by Anne Caldwell, Joseph Santley plays the lead—a combination which should drive dull care away. The cast also includes Ivy Sawyer, Dorothy Maynard, Scott

Welsh, James C. Marlowe and the inimitable Duncan Sisters, a precocious pair of youngsters, who will make their debut here next week in musical comedy.

"Chu Chin Chow," which has delighted Londoners for four years and New Yorkers for two, will make its debut in St. Louis at the Shubert Jefferson theatre next Monday evening. The management announces that this is the New York company and that it will be freshly garbed in costumes imported from London—the exact duplicates of those being worn in the jubilee edition now playing at His Majesty's theatre. Lionel Braham, Marjorie Woods, Don W. Ferrandou, Eugene Cowles, Hattie Carmontel, Stella St. Audrie, Albert Howson, Helen Gunther, Felice de Gregorio, George Raseley, Gladys Earlscoth, Thoral Lake and others of last season's cast will be seen in their original roles. The ballets are again headed by Martha Lorber, who came from London to appear in the American production. Seats will go on sale at the box office and at Conroy's on Wednesday morning.

The Orpheum bill will be headed by Lew Dockstader, Emma Haig and Jack Waldron, and Harry Watson, Jr., the world-famous humorist and "Ziegfeld Follies" stars. Dockstader is known to everyone; Emma Haig is a dainty dancer, and Watson is a master of burlesque. He has a new character, Young Kid Battling Dugan, with whom he introduces prize ring and telephone scenes which are immensely funny. Other numbers will be "A Reel of Real Fun," by Elinore and Williams; Murphy and White in a peppery arrangement of tunes and laughs; George Reed and girls in a piano act, and Emile and John Nathane, graceful aerialists.

During the last half of the current week Herbert Lloyd, famous as the "Jack of all trades," will head the bill at the Columbia; he does one thing well—amuse. Buch Brothers combine a bit of good comedy with trampoline stunts; Kennedy and Francis, black-face comedians, present "The Argument," the three Moran Sisters offer an excellent musical melange; and James Williams, versatile entertainer, completes the vaudeville part of the bill. The feature picture will be "The Broken Butterfly."

At the Grand Opera House Staley and Birbeck, known as the "musical blacksmiths," will head the bill with an unusual sort of entertainment. They will be accompanied by Robert Everest with his monkey show; Yorke and Marks, "nut" comedians, in "That Ain't My Fault," Lehr, Edmunds and Marr with nifty nonsense; Walton and Brandy with a bright skit called "Two in One," Fred Rogers—"Go Get 'Em Rogers," Bud and Jessie Grey in bits of vaudeville; Heim and Luckwood in "Give Me Back My Flowers," Kip and Kippy, juggling novelty; the Animated Weekly, Fletcher's Screen Monologue; Mutt and Jeff and other comedies.

Almost everyone is interested in aviation and that is the theme of "Going Up and Coming Down" which will be presented at the Gayety theatre next week by Joe Hurtig's Bowery Burlesquers. The chief comedians in the company interpret the roles of two inexperienced aviators who attempt to make a flight around the world in one hundred fifty minutes, lured by the prospect of a price of fifty thousand dollars. The aviators carry their audience into many foreign lands where various forms of entertainment are offered. One of the big scenes is an aviation field with a huge aeroplane in operation.

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